I Remember

Paul N. Dion / Allen M. Dion

I remember my time in the Vatican.

Full of wonder, suspicion, and despair.

Dear Pacelli was my comfort, but the war consumed us, and the world condemned us,

And fear and hate hung heavy in the air.

I guided that man, pushed him over the top.

The world was our stage, and our feelings rearranged.

Please tell me, how can pure love not be part of God’s plan?

I don’t understand.

Think of the blue skies in heaven above, wrapped in the warm light of God’s holy love.

We made a plan then brought it to fruition.

Against the odds, we saved thousands from harm.

Your kindness helped me to get through the night,

your conscience and control made everything right for me.

It’s such a lonely position.

People misunderstood, rumors grew.

What a sad shame. It’s a mad game when the words are worthless and denial useless.

Our motives pure; our souls endured their scorn.

My friend, you pushed the limits of your role.

You opened the doors, and you broke all the rules, made them listen, and agree.

Think of the blue skies in heaven above, wrapped in the warm light of God’s holy love.

All through the years, I’ve held you close to my heart.

Only a thin veil had kept us apart.

I want the world to know just what we had.

Our pureness and deep love were blessed by God’s hand, for us.

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